

THE Falmouth Gazette

AND WEEKLY ADVERTISER

(No. 1.)

SATURDAY, January 1, 1785.

(Vol. 1.)

TO THE PUBLIC.

FROM the generous encouragement of a number of respectable gentlemen in Falmouth, as well as in other towns of this and the neighbouring counties—we have undertaken to publish a weekly News-Paper in this place, and now present them with the first number of the Falmouth Gazette.

We hope it will meet with general approbation—and while we promise to use our best endeavours to make every future number useful and entertaining—we beg leave to express our wishes that every patron of the press will afford us that support which, in this infant country, will be peculiarly necessary to enable us to carry on the business with advantage to ourselves and those, to whom we shall devote our time and talents.

BENJAMIN TITCOMB,
THOMAS B. WAIT.

OUR Subscribers will doubtless recollect, that by the proposals for publishing this Gazette, three months advance was to be paid on receiving the first Number. If, to avoid the inconvenience of making just this sum, any Gentleman should be inclined to pay three shillings, or any larger sum, he shall be credited for the same—And, as the setting up this Press has been attended with some extraordinary expence, will be thankfully received.

Falmouth, January 1st, 1785.

THE Subscriber having lately circulated the Proposals of Messrs. PETER EDDES and THOMAS B. WAIT, for printing and publishing a weekly News-Paper in this place, thinks proper to inform the Public—that Mr. EDDES has lately opened a Printing-Office in Boston, and in his stead, Mr. BENJAMIN TITCOMB, a Person qualified for the business, has entered into partnership with Mr. WAIT—The Falmouth Gazette is therefore now published under the Names of the Gentlemen last mentioned.

SAMUEL FREEMAN.

Messrs. TITCOMB & WAIT.

As you intend speedily to publish a weekly News-Paper in this place, perhaps the following extract, upon "The rise and advantages of News-Papers" may not be an improper introduction. If you think it merits a place in your first number, 'tis at your service.

An intended CUSTOMER.

WHEN the new method of taxing was first made use of, under King William, people thought their ruin speedily approaching; but the more sensible were soon convinced, that the measures then taken were salutary and proper, and in little detached essays made their sentiments known to the publick. This lowered the seeds of that commendable curiosity we find so much increased. People were willing to see, and to know the reasons for laying every new tax. From desiring to know why taxes were imposed, they very naturally wished to be informed in what manner the money raised by them was expended. The people of England, by degrees, looking on themselves as the disposers of their own properties, found that the soldiers and sailors, were their servants and dependants. This incited them to inquire into their behaviour and conduct; and to procure an account of every battle, to see if matters were rightly managed abroad. Hence the rise of News-Papers, which were at first of a very singular nature.

News-Papers not only convey instruction and amusement, but, when properly conducted, secure to us the Liberty of the Press, which we ought at all times to cherish as a most inestimable jewel; for without it we cannot long subsist as a free people. There is another great advantage the increase of News-Papers has procured us:—Ignorance is not so prevalent; they have given a taste for reading; this occasions all useful knowledge to be cultivated and encouraged.

From the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE.

An ADDRESS on the NEW YEAR.

THERE are certain occasions, when the most wicked man living cannot banish serious reflection; when he cannot help meditating on the folly of his own actions, on the importance of wisdom, and on the merits of goodness, in procuring a happy life. The prospect of death is not a serious one to the good only; indeed, perhaps to them it is a happy prospect; it is not a serious prospect only to the philosopher, or man of learning, but it is an irresistible call even to the most abandoned to bethink themselves of their ways, and be wise in time. Of all other deaths, sudden death conveys most horror; few there are, be they ever so regular in their lives, who do not feel on such an occasion, that all their worldly caution and interest are very vain and unprofitable, compared with the better assurance which an unspotted conscience gives. All gaiety, all grandeur, even the pomp of sophistry, and the proud reasoning of i fidels and of the unprincipled rake are then at an end. On such an occasion men seem what they are.

But death, in any shape, is not the only occasion which excites the general meditations of mankind. This season opens a wide field for the most serious reflection. The commencement of the new year is, to the young a cause of merriment, but their ignorance prevents either forethought or retrospect. They are acquainted with no past events which can embitter the present moment, and they foresee no happier superior to that which they now enjoy, and no miseries superior to the little playful disappointments which arise from their thoughtlessness. It is not so with the man of reflection. He cannot enter on the actions of a new year, without taking a review of that which is at an end. He cannot trace any action without seeing how much better it might have been done, and he cannot trace any events of his life without being conscious, that he himself was the cause of his failure, and that what happiness he has reaped, was rather accidental than merited or laboured for. At the same time too, he is apt to reflect on the many happy days and hours he formerly spent during this season of the year, and that never without sorrow, that he must no more see such days. He thinks with pain on that age, when his happiness was consciousness of innocence, and when he had neither wishes nor wants, which in innocence and moderation could not be supplied. He contrasts his present situation with the days of his childhood, and he now finds himself situated on an eminence in the world. He who formerly looked up to others, is now looked up to himself. Dependent only on his own industry, he recollects the many painful doubts which the success of that industry has cost him; placed at the head of a family, or as the principal of a set of loved connections, he feels a thousand anxieties concerning himself, and at the beginning of a new year, looks back with humiliating sorrow on the little he has done. The common gaiety of the time prevents his being sunk in distress, but neither a review of the past, nor the most favourable conjectures concerning what may happen hereafter, add to his pleasures, or contribute to his happiness.

The situations of men in life, whatever those may be, whether military, civil, political or literary, are objects of the first magnitude. It is on our conduct in them, that not only our character but our peace and satisfaction depend. Yet often do we find, that when reflection comes, we are miserable on account of those situations, and like the discontented men (in Horace) with to change situations with our neighbours. An impatience to be happy, and an ignorance of the source of happiness, produce the common

discontents.—A contempt for what is solid, a neglect of what is good, and a love of the frivolous, are the common errors, and men, in the height of their folly, pretend to be in search of happiness while their feet steps go down to death.

Let all then begin, from the commencement of this year, to think for themselves with as great independence of mind as they act for themselves in the independence of trade. There is but one standard of acting, which is justice, and there is but one standard of thinking, which is religion. The one teaches us to be just to others, the second to be just to ourselves. By the one our character here is promoted to the highest estimation of the worthiest and the best of men, and by the other, our happiness is set above the vicissitudes of time, or the malice of enemies.

Let the scurrilous enjoy his laugh, and the profligate consume his time, and complete his life of evil and unprofitableness yet still this truth remains unimpeached, that there is no comfort which religion does not give and allow, and there is no happiness which vice does not destroy and abuse. However we may have wasted our time, our strength, or our substance in riotous living, and useless employments, the new year is an æra from whence we may begin a better life.

In these days of political dissensions, when even the common language of the country scarce remains unpoluted by the sophisms of corrupted statesmen, when no goodness of character can stand in competition with the industry of ambition and avarice, when a desire to enjoy the emoluments of office, and a contempt for the discharge of the duties of office, militate against the prosperity of the nation, it is time for the individual to seek his stores of peace within himself; it is time for him to turn his eyes toward his own soul, and see whether there be not in it, a fund of enjoyment, far superior to what prostitution of talents, or the splendour of wealth and place can give. Public virtue and integrity is no longer an object in view; we look in vain for those virtues in our days, and disappointed by flatterers, and deceived by the artful, we begin to lose confidence in one another. The bonds which connect men in friendship, are exchanged for the temporary bindings of interest; and as the example of high life is invariably followed by the lower ranks, we have the misery of that part of the empire which remains superadded to our disappointment in that which was left. Such views, such prospects, and such considerations are particularly necessary at this season, when people are very apt to usher in the new year, with the worst dissipation which the old year afforded.

Libertinism, whether public or private, may continue unimproved for a time. It may, for a time, constitute the happiness of man, and place him as an object of envy in the eyes of the ignorant and unthinking. It may, for a time, seem the ultimate end of his nature, and the essence of all his gratifications. But that time may not be of long duration. Health, even when temperance is carried to the extreme, or where prudence guides all the actions, is but a precarious tenure; and the happiness depending on dissipation is even more precarious than health itself, for it is disturbed by the petulantcies of temper, and the ungovernable nature of foolish youth. It is but a short time that the strongest can boast of his strength, or the most pleasurable man of his pleasure.

Though the days of our life were as numerous as the hairs on our head, their duration could not satisfy a mind capable of comprehending eternity, or infused with hopes of immortality. A prodigality, with all its pleasures, creates ultimate